

FARBER: 'THE STUDENT AS NIGGER'

JERRY FARBER

STUDENTS are niggers. When you get that straight, our schools begin to make sense. It's more important, though, to understand why they're niggers. If we follow that question seriously enough, it will lead us past the zone of academic bullshit, where dedicated teachers pass their knowledge on to a new generation, and into the nitty-gritty of human needs and hang-ups. And from there we can go on to consider whether it might ever be possible for students to come up from slavery.

First let's see what's happening now. Let's look at the role students play in what we like to call education.

At Cal State L.A., where I teach, the students have separate and unequal dining facilities. If I take them into the faculty dining room, my colleagues get uncomfortable, as though there were a bad smell. If I eat in the student cafeteria, I become known as the educational equivalent of a niggerlover. In at least one building there are even rest rooms which students may not use. At Cal State, also, there is an unwritten law barring student-faculty lovemaking. Fortunately, this anti-miscegenation

law, like its Southern counterpart, is not 100 percent effective.

Students at Cal State are politically disenfranchised. They are in an academic Lowndes County. Most of them can vote in national elections — their average age is about 26 — but they have no voice in the decisions which affect their academic lives. The students are, it is true, allowed to have a toy government of their own. It is a government run for the most part by Uncle Toms and concerned principally with trivia. The faculty and administrators decide what courses will be offered; the students get to choose their own Homecoming Queen. Occasionally, when student leaders get uppity and rebellious, they're either ignored, put off with trivial concessions, or maneuvered expertly out of position.

SMILES & SHUFFLES

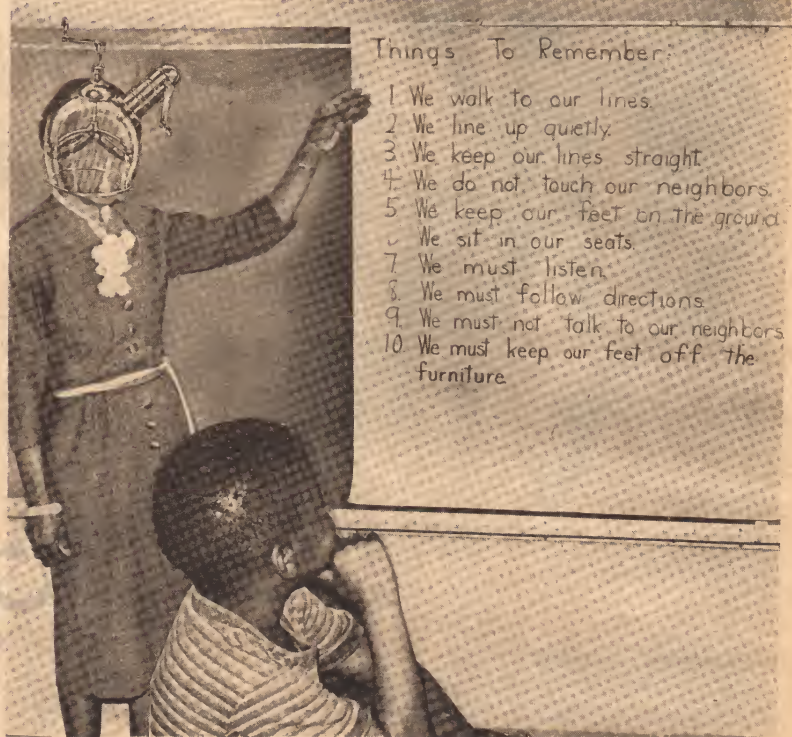
A student at Cal State is expected to know his place. He calls a faculty member "Sir" or "Doctor" or "Professor" — and he smiles and shuffles some as he stands outside the professor's office waiting for permission to enter. The faculty tell him what courses to take (in my department, English, even electives have to be approved by a faculty member); they tell him what to read, what to write, and, frequently, where to set the margins on his typewriter. They tell him what's true and what isn't. Some teachers insist that they encourage dissent but they're almost always living and every student knows it. Tell the man what he wants to hear or he'll fall your ass out of the course.

When a teacher says "jump," students jump. I know of one professor who refused to take up class time for exams and required students to show up for tests at 6:30 in the morning. And they did, by God! Another, at exam time, provides answer cards to be filled out — each one enclosed in a paper bag with a hole cut in the top to see through. Students stick their writing hands in the bags while taking the test. The teacher isn't a pro; I wish he were. He does it to prevent cheating. Another colleague once caught a student reading during one of his lectures and threw her book against the wall. Still another lectures his students into a stupor and then screams at them in a rage when they fall asleep.

Just last week, during the first meeting of a class, one girl got up to leave after about ten minutes had gone by. The teacher rushed over, grabbed her by the arm, saying "This class is NOT dismissed!" and led her back to her seat. On the same day another teacher began by informing his class that he does not like beards, mustaches, long hair on boys, or capri pants on girls, and will not tolerate any of that in his class. The class, incidentally, consisted mostly of high school teachers.

FOLLOW ORDERS

Even more discouraging than this Auschwitz approach to education is the fact that the students take it. They haven't gone through twelve years of public school for nothing. They've learned one thing and perhaps only one thing during those twelve years. They've forgotten their algebra. They're hopelessly vague about chemistry and physics. They've grown to fear and resent literature. They write like they've been lobotomized. But, Jesus, can they follow orders! Freshmen come up to me with an essay and ask if I want it folded and whether their name should be in the upper right hand corner. And I want to cry and kiss them and caress their poor tortured heads. Students don't ask that orders make sense. They give up expecting things to make sense long before they leave elementary school. Things are true because the teacher says they're true. At a very early age we all learn to accept "two truths," as did certain medieval churchmen. Outside of class, things are true to your tongue, your fingers, your



Things To Remember:

1. We walk to our lines.
2. We line up quietly.
3. We keep our lines straight.
4. We do not touch our neighbors.
5. We keep our feet on the ground.
6. We sit in our seats.
7. We must listen.
8. We must follow directions.
9. We must not talk to our neighbors.
10. We must keep our feet off the furniture.

GREEKO'S SANDALS



Keep Piece
Phuque War

1128 HERMOSA AVENUE
HERMOSA BEACH CALIF.

FR 4-9040

CYCLES 6720 HOLLYWOOD
HO 6-3677

intercollegiate
art gallery/boutique
MFSat-12-9:30
TTh-12-8:00
Three doors east of
Pickwick's

BIZARRE
BAZAAR
HOLLYWOOD
PSYCHEDELIC SCENE
AT 6514 SELMA AVE.
HO. 3-3636
OPEN 24 HOURS

sandals
maker
also makes
BELTS & BAGS
1093 1/2 Buxton
Westwood, L.A. 24
473-9549

EVEN MA
BLOWS HER
BREAD HERE

Belinda
on the strip
a boutique!

NEXT DOOR TO THE
FIFTH ESTATE —
IF THAT MEANS ANYTHING

stomach, your heart. Inside class, things are true by reason of authority. And that's just fine because you don't care anyway. Miss Wiedemeyer tells you a noun is a person, place or thing. So let it be. You don't give a rat's ass; she doesn't give a

The important thing is to please her. Back in kindergarten, you found out that teachers only love children who stand in nice straight lines. And that's where it's been at ever since. Nothing changes except to get worse. School becomes more and more obviously a prison. Last year I

spoke to a student assembly at Manual Arts High School and then couldn't get out of the goddamn school. I mean there was NO WAY OUT. Locked doors. High fences. One of the inmates was trying to make it over a fence when he saw me coming

and froze in panic. For a moment, I expected sirens, a rattle of bullets, and him clawing the fence.

Then there's the infamous "code of dress." In some high schools, if your skirt looks too

(Continued on Page 18)

"Bitch'n threads
for any sex."

THE Stable
12515 BULWARK
NORTH HOLLYWOOD
CALIFORNIA
877-1974

Hell Bent for leather

6727 1/4 HOLLYWOOD BLVD

HO 7-5606

Manhattan Beach

126 11th St.

1/2 block from Pier

374-4424

Custom-arch sandals still \$16;
custom suede vests \$22; custom
boots & moccasins — 3
soles. Featuring Filippo Verde
boots & shoes. Unusually distinctive
footwear for men and women.

— Larry

The Pleasure Dome
Boutique
343 N. Fairfax Ave.
Los Angeles
653-0599

GRAND OPENING CELEBRATION
of a new young adult club 4 NITES ONLY

Electric Prunes
FIRST & ONLY L.A. ENGAGEMENT
starring
THE ELECTRIC PRUNES
with
PAUL - Mr. Soul - BRADFORD
THE PASTELLS
exciting female vocalists
THE BOYS Balladeers
PLUS!! DANCING (18 and over) **TO**
THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE
recording artists
THE IRIDESCENTS
all girl band
Thur. Fri. Sat. Sun.
Mar. 9 10 11 12
2 Shows nightly: 7:30 - 11 p.m.
Admission per show Limited seating
Sandwiches, soft drinks No Minimum

MOD STREET WEST . . . A Happening Place
11441 W. Jefferson at San Diego Fwy.
for information call . . . 391-7701

A COURSE IN HOW TO BE SLAVES

(Continued from Page 8)

short, you have to kneel before the principal, in a brief allegory of fellatio. If the hem doesn't reach the floor, you go home to change while he, presumably, jacks off. Boys in high school can't be too sloppy and they can't even be too sharp. You'd think the school board would be delighted to see all the spades trooping to school in pointy shoes, suits, ties and stingy brims. Uh-uh. They're too visible.

What school amounts to, then, for white and black kids alike, is a 12-year course in how to be slaves. What else could explain what I see in a freshman class? They've got that slave mentality: obliging and ingratiating on the surface but hostile and resistant underneath.

As do black slaves, students vary in their awareness of what's going on. Some recognize their own put-on for what it is and even let their rebellion break through to the surface now and then. Others — including most of the "good students" — have been more deeply brainwashed. They swallow the bullshit with greedy mouths. They honest-to-God believe in grades, in busy work, in General Education requirements. They're pathetically eager to be pushed around. They're like those old grey-headed house niggers who can still find in the South who don't see what all the fuss is about because Mr. Charlie "treats us real good."

College entrance requirements tend to favor the Toms and screen out the rebels. Not entirely, of course. Some students at Cal State L.A. are expert con artists who know perfectly well what's happening. They want the degree or the 2-S and spend their years on the old plantation alternately laughing and cursing as they play the game. If their egos are strong enough, they cheat a lot. And, of course, even the Toms are angry down deep somewhere. But it comes out in passive rather than active aggression. They're unexplainably thick-witted and sub-

ject to frequent spells of laziness. They misread simple questions. They spend their nights mechanically outlining history chapters while meticulously failing to comprehend a word of what's in front of them.

INWARD ANGER

The saddest cases among both black slaves and student slaves are the ones who have so thoroughly introjected their masters' values that their anger is all turned inward. At Cal State these are the kids for whom every low grade is torture, who stammer and shake when they speak to a professor, who go through an emotional crisis every time they're called upon during class. You can recognize them easily at finals time. Their faces are festooned with fresh pimples; their bowels boil audibly across the room. If there really is a Last Judgement, then the parents and teachers who created these wrecks are going to burn in hell.

So students are niggers. It's time to find out why, and to do this, we have to take a long look at Mr. Charlie.

The teachers I know best are college professors. Outside the classroom and taken as a group, their most striking characteristic is timidity. They're short on balls.

Just look at their working conditions. At a time when even migrant workers have begun to fight and win, college professors are still afraid to make more than a token effort to improve their pitiful economic status. In California state colleges the faculties are screwed regularly and vigorously by the Governor and Legislature and yet they still won't offer any solid resistance. They lie flat on their stomachs with their pants down, mumbling catch phrases like "professional dignity" and "meaningful dialogue."

Professors were no different when I was an undergraduate at UCLA during the McCarthy era; it was like a cattle stampede as they rushed to cop out. And, in more recent years, I found that my being arrested in sit-ins brought from my colleagues not so much approval or condemnation as open-mouthed astonishment. "You could lose your job!"

Now, of course, there's the Vietnamese war. It gets some opposition from a few teachers. Some support it. But a vast number of professors, who know perfectly well what's happening, are copping out again. And in the high schools, you can forget it. Stillness reigns.

FORCES A SPLIT

I'm not sure why teachers are so chickenshit. It could be that academic training itself forces a split between thought and action. It might also be that the tenured security of a teaching job attracts timid persons and, furthermore, that teaching, like police work, pulls in persons who are unsure of themselves and need weapons

and the other external trappings of authority.

At any rate teachers ARE short on balls. And, as Judy Eisenstein has eloquently pointed out, the classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which they can exercise their will to power. Your neighbors may drive a better car; gas station attendants may intimidate you; your wife may dominate you; the State Legislature may shit on you; but in the classroom, by God, students do what you say — or else. The grade is a hell of a weapon. It may not rest on your hip, potent and rigid like a cop's gun, but in the long run it's more powerful. At your personal whim — any time you choose — you can keep 35 students up for nights and have the pleasure of seeing them walk into the classroom pasty-faced and red-eyed carrying a sheaf of typewritten pages, with title page, MLA footnotes and margins set at 15 and 91.

The general timidity which causes teachers to make niggers of their students usually includes a more specific fear — fear of the students themselves. After all, students are different, just like black people. You stand exposed in front of them, knowing that their interests, their values and their language are different from yours. To make matters worse, you may suspect that you yourself are not the most engaging of persons. What then can protect you from their ridicule and scorn? Respect for Authority. That's what. It's the policeman's gun again. The white bwanas' pith helmet. So you flaunt that authority. You wither whisperers with a murderous glance. You crush objectors with erudition and heavy irony. And, worst of all, you make your own attainments seem not accessible but awesomely remote. You conceal your massive ignorance — and parade a slender learning.

'WHITE SUPREMACY'

The teacher's fear is mixed with an understandable need to be admired and to feel superior, a need which also makes him cling to his "white supremacy." Ideally, a teacher should minimize the distance between himself and his students. He should encourage them not to need him — eventually or even immediately. But this is rarely the case. Teachers make themselves high priests of arcane mysteries. They become masters of mumbo-jumbo. Even a more or less conscientious teacher may be torn between the desire to give and the desire to hold them in bondage to him. I can find no other explanation that accounts for the way my own subject, literature, is generally taught. Literature, which ought to be a source of joy, solace and enlightenment, often becomes in the classroom nothing more than a source of anxiety — at best an arena for expertise, a ledger book for the ego. Literature teachers, often afraid to join a real union, nonetheless may practice the worst kind of trade-unionism in the classroom; they do to literature what Beckmesser does to song in Wagner's "Meistersinger." The avowed purpose of English departments is to teach literature; too often their real function is to kill it.

Finally, there's the darkest reason of all for the master-slave approach to education. The less trained and the less socialized a person is, the more he constitutes a sexual threat and the more he will be subjugated by institutions, such as penitentiaries and schools. Many of us are aware by now of the sexual neurosis which makes white men so fearful of integrated schools and neighborhoods, and which makes the castration of Negroes a deeply entrenched Southern folkway. We should recognize a similar pattern in education. There is a kind of castration that goes on in schools. It begins, before school years, with parents' first encroachments on their children's free unashamed

sexuality and continues right up to the day when they hand you your doctoral diploma with a bleeding, shriveled pair of testicles stapled to the parchment. It's not that sexuality has no place in the classroom. You'll find it there but only in certain perverted and vitiated forms.

BLEEDING BRAINS

How does sex show up in school? First of all, there's the sado-masochistic relationship between teachers and students. That's plenty sexual, although the price of enjoying it is to be unaware of what's happening. In walks the student in his Ivy League equivalent of a motorcycle jacket. In walks the teacher — a kind of intellectual rough trade — and flogs his students with grades, tests, sarcasm and snotty superiority until their very brains are bleeding. In Swinburne's England, the whipped school boy frequently grew up to be a flagellant. With us the perversion is intellectual but it's no less perverse.

Sex also shows up in the classroom as academic subject matter — sanitized and abstracted, thoroughly divorced from feeling. You get "sex education" now in both high school and college classes: everyone determined not to be embarrassed, to be very up to date, very contempt. These are the classes for which sex, as Feiffer puts it, "can be a beautiful thing if properly administered." And then, of course, there's still another depressing manifestation of sex in the classroom: the "off-color" teacher, who keeps his class awake with sniggering sexual allusions, obscene titters and academic innuendo. The sexuality he purveys, it must be admitted, is at least better than none at all.

What's missing, from kindergarten to graduate school, is honest recognition of what's actually happening — turned-on awareness of hairy goodies underneath the petti-pants, the chinos and the flannels. It's not that sex needs to be pushed in school; sex is pushed enough. But we should let it be, where it is and like it is. I don't insist that ladies in junior high school lovingly caress their students' cocks (someday, maybe); however, it is reasonable to ask that the ladies don't, by example and stricture, teach their students to pretend that those cocks aren't there. As things stand

now, students are physically castrated or spayed — and for the very same reason that black men are castrated in Georgia: because they're a threat.

ONCE A NIGGER

So you can add sexual repression to the list of causes, along with vanity, fear and will to power, that turn the teacher into Mr. Charlie. You might also want to keep in mind that he was a nigger once himself and has never really gotten over it. And there are more causes, some of which are better described in sociological than in psychological terms. Work them out, it's not hard. But in the meantime what we've got on our hands is a whole lot of niggers. And what makes this particularly grim is that the student has less chance than the black man of getting out of his bag. Because the student doesn't even know he's in it. That, more or less, is what's happening in higher education. And the results are staggering.

For one thing damn little education takes place in the schools. How could it? You can't educate slaves; you can only train them. Or, to use an even uglier and more timely word, you can only program them.

(Continued on Page 19)

Yamaha

NEW REG OTD
100cc Twin \$466 \$339
100cc Trail \$446 \$425
250cc Big Bear \$790 \$662

plus sale on all LAMBRETTAS
LA ROSSA MOTORCYCLES
5535 Tujunga, N. H'wood.
766-9447

LOOKING

for ALL TYPES; Performers
& Ideas for T.V.; Commercial, Models, Films, Music, Song, Dance, Go Go.
Any type, race, age
No experience necessary.
HO 3-8161
Paul Productions

REHEARSAL HALLS - Sales - Rental Musical Instruction

COMPLETE INSTRUCTION FOR ALL AGES BY PROFESSIONALS

Basic Music, Sight Reading, Ear Training, Harmony, Dance and Band Training, Complete Arranging and Copying Service.
"YOUTH TODAY — PROFESSIONAL TOMORROW"

GRANT'S MUSIC CENTER

3306 VENICE BLVD. 735-1275

BARGAINS GALORE

Special Purchase
10,000 L.P.'s

JAZZ CLASSICAL
FOLK COMEDY
INTERNATIONAL POPULAR
SHOWS ROCK & ROLL

from 50%
\$1.98
to 2.49 AND MORE
DISCOUNT

REEL-TO-REEL

TAPE SALE

CLOSING OUT OUR

ENTIRE STOCK

40% CLASSICS
DISCOUNT OPERA
POPULAR
Everything GOES

TECTRON RECORDS

6624 Melrose

931-8131
1 Blk. W. of Highland

We invite you to come into our store and compare your Gibson, Fender, Gretsch, Guild, etc. with...

Hagstrom GUITAR

... we modestly boast that they have the finest, fastest playing neck in the world.

AL CASEY'S MUSIC ROOM

1123 NO. VINE STREET

OPEN 10 a.m. til 9 p.m.

NOW: KPCC HAS TWO GREAT JAZZERS

AL FOX
4-7 p.m.

ED YOUNG
Midnite - 6 a.m.

MON. THRU SAT. - 106.7 ON
YOUR FM THING
(How Hip Are You... Really?)



TAKING A TRIP?
GO LSD
THE ONLY WAY TO FLY!

SEE YOUR
TRAVEL AGENT

LSD POSTERS \$1.
POT POSTERS \$1.
IRON CROSS, chain \$2.

Mail to: Star City, Box 2146,
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF., 90028

HOW TEACHERS TURN STUDENTS OFF

(Continued from Page 18)

DANCE OR DUNCE

I like to folk dance. Like other novices, I've gone to the Inter-section or to the Museum and laid out good money in order to learn how to dance. No grades, no prerequisites, no separate dining rooms; they just turn you on to dancing. That's education. Now look at what happens in college. A friend of mine, Milt, recently finished a folk dance class. For his final he had to learn things like this: "The Irish are known for their wit and imagination, qualities reflected in their dances, which include the jig, the reel and the horn-pipe." And then the teacher

graded him. A, B, C, D, or F, while he danced in front of her. That's not education. That's not even training. That's an abomination on the face of the earth. It's especially ironic because Milt took that dance class trying to get out of the academic rut. He took crafts for the same reason. Great, right? Get your hands in some clay? Make something? Then the teacher announced that a 20-page term paper would be required — with footnotes.

At my school we even grade people on how they read poetry. That's like grading people on how they fuck. But we do it. In fact, God help me, I do it. I'm the Adolph Eichmann of English 323. Simon Legree on the poetry plantation. "Tote that lamb! Lift that spondee!" Even to discuss a good poem in that environment is potentially dangerous because the very classroom is contaminated. As hard as I may try to turn students on to poetry, I know that the desks, the tests, the IBM cards, their own attitudes toward school, and my own residue of UCLA method are turning them off.

Another result of student slavery is equally serious. Stu-

dents don't get emancipated when they graduate. As a matter of fact, we don't let them graduate until they've demonstrated their willingness — over 16 years — to remain slaves And for important jobs, like teaching, we make them go through more years, just to make sure. What I'm getting at is that we're all more or less niggers and slaves, teachers and students alike. This is a fact you want to start with in trying to understand wider social phenomena, say, politics, in our country and in other countries.

INTIMIDATE OR KILL

Educational oppression is trickier to fight than racial oppression. If you're a black rebel, they can't exile you; they either have to intimidate you or kill you. But in high school or college, they can just bounce you out of the fold. And they do. Rebel students and renegade faculty members get smothered or shot down with devastating accuracy. In high school, it's usually the student who gets it; in college, it's more often the teacher. Others get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. This may be a mistake though. Dropping out of college,

for a rebel, is a little like going North, for a Negro. You can't really get away from it so you might as well stay and raise hell.

How do you raise hell? That's a whole other article. But just for a start, why not stay with the analogy? What have black people done? They have, first of all, faced the fact of their slavery. They've stopped kidding themselves about an eventual reward in that Great Watermelon Patch in the sky. They've organized; they've decided to get freedom now, and they've started taking it.

Students, like black people, have immense unused power. They could, theoretically, insist on participating in their own education. They could make academic freedom bilateral. They could teach their teachers to thrive on love and admiration, rather than fear and respect, and to lay down their weapons. Students could discover community. And they could learn to dance by dancing on the IBM cards. They could make coloring books out of the catalogs and they could out the grading system in a museum. They could raze one set of walls and let life come

blowing into the classroom. They could raze another set of walls and let education flow out and flood the streets. They could turn the classroom into where it's at — a "field of action" as Peter Marin describes it. And, believe it or not, they could study eagerly and learn prodigiously for the best of all possible reasons — their own reasons.

They could. Theoretically. They have the power. But only in a very few places, like Berkeley, have they even begun to think about using it. For students, as for black people, the hardest battle isn't with Mr. Charlie. It's with what Mr. Charlie has done to your mind.

Why Pay Taxes?

EXPERIENCED - TAX SAVING
preparation of Federal & State
INCOME TAX RETURNS

Peter W. Hopp

Los Angeles S. F. Valley
274-4574 887-0400

*year-round bookkeeping & tax
service*

Why Cops Wear Those

Members of the UCLA Guerrilla Theater recently sponsored an essay contest on the topic: In what situation might a UNICOP use his gun? Members of the group had become concerned after being stopped on campus by two well armed and belligerent UNICOPS one morning at 3 a.m.

Response to the contest was

PSYCHEDELIC CANDLE
SHOP
730 N. Fairfax Ave.
GRAND OPENING
Fri. March 10

HEAR
Mr. Melancholy

KTYM
SUNDAY
12 MIDNIGHT
103.9 FM

poor; the UCLA Daily Bruin did not give it much space and it was not well publicized elsewhere. But, several entries were received evidencing some concern with the problem.

The winning entry, submitted by Avedis Zildjian follows:

The season is non-essential — but it might be autumn. The cop is nervous, shifty, almost, one might say, paranoid. He looks at his partner at his side through the rearview mirror; both are silent in their silent, somnambulist almost solipsistic safari through the be-lit sempiternal streets of the concrete jungle. The silence of their journey together in the black & white cushioned chariot is almost hypnotic. They pass a shiny, brand new black Cadillac. (What was it his wife had said to him last night?) His partner put out his cigarette like John Garfield did on the late show last night. Two Negroes were talking, one of them attempting to enter the car. (What was it his father had said to him before he enlisted?) A flash of red — then suddenly...

Other suggestions made by contest entrants: "A UNICOP would shoot you if you tried to seduce his boyfriend..." "If he knew how to pull the trigger..." "If you parked in a green zone without a permit..." "To prevent perversion in the Royce Hall men's room..." "To protect Chancellor Murphy from assassination."

Mr. Zildjian (who rumor has it may not have been Mr. Zildjian at all) was presented with a bouquet of flowers at an awards ceremony at Meyerhoff Park a week ago.

Heightened awareness at the flick of a switch

The phenomenon of psychedelic perception — reproduced on full color film — now available to the public for the first time...

Bob Beck, internationally known expert in color, light and sense stimulation, in collaboration with top independent producer Peter Gardiner, has captured psychedelic, stroboscopic light patterns on full color film. Projected on any surface — screen, wall, ceiling, mirror — they have been known to produce states of "heightened awareness when viewed intensely by individuals sensitive to such phenomena," according to respected psychological investigators.

Now available: production completed on "Kahuna Kapers" 50 feet — full color — 8mm (16mm rates available upon request)

Use this convenient order blank:

Charlatan Productions
Department (L)
1040 N. McCadden Pl.
Hollywood, California 90038

I am enclosing \$5.50 in check or money order to purchase for my private use the 8mm heightened awareness film "Kahuna Kapers." I understand that the price covers handling, mailing and your guidebook, "The Applications of Heightened Awareness Films."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Checks payable to "Charlatan Productions, Inc."

subscription blank:

LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS
5903 Melrose Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90038

☐ Please enter / renew (circle one) my subscription

☐ Please enter a subscription to the following as my gift, and include / omit (circle one) a gift card. Sign the card *from

☐ I have enclosed \$5 for a one-year subscription (52 issues).

☐ I have enclosed \$8 for a two-year subscription (104 issues).

Name (please print clearly) _____

Street & number _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

NOTE: The Free Press will arrive by mail no later than Friday of each week, provided we have your correct ZIP CODE! Please help us cooperate with the post office... For subscriptions to Canada or Mexico, please add one dollar per year. Thank you.

NEW WAYS WITH WOMEN EXPOSED

Now! "The Knack" that wins women of all ages and tastes. Update your romantic techniques scientifically through the private notebooks of a noted psychologist. Unique manual reveals in full detail the actual NEW maneuvers proved successful by modern "know-how" males. 4,000 words PLUS proven techniques including: Women With Money; Where to Meet Many; Automobile Psychology; The Matting Instinct; Aspirin Way; Female Gullibility; Scarcity of Men; Blockbuster Words; Dancing Maneuvers; Handwriting's Sure Sign; Tell-Tale Signals; The Super-Move and many, many more. Only \$2 postpaid... (\$2.25 Airmail). Order today, WINCO, BOX 243L, HOLLYWOOD, CAL. 90028

SINGLE?

"Single People's ADVERTISER", with 150 ads by L.A. area females seeking males & vice versa, is a delightful reading even if you never phone or write anyone (order today & receive details on how to run your own ad free)... "Single People's DIRECTORY", a magazine, contains complete info on 100 L.A. & vicinity single-adult social activity groups for various ages & interests (dances, discussions, etc.)... ADVERTISER is \$3 for 6 mos. DIRECTORY \$3 for 1 yr., or both for \$5. Order from Unique Periodicals, Dept. D. 5707 W. Olympic, L.A. 90036. Money-back guarantee. Our 7th year.

Light Shows

Multiple Projections
by
Elias Romero & Co.

Selected
Sounds & Poems

Dancing —
Joan Masunaga

NEW PLAYWRIGHTS THEATRE
1325 N. Hyperion,
Fri., Sat., Sun. nites: 8:30
through MARCH — \$1.50

TEEN CONVENTION TIME... Come along for the fun of a bare-skin summer with NUDIST HOLIDAY No. 7

Teens turn out in full force to help make for the biggest and best nudist conventions ever. And for the last word on why summertime is a favorite nudistime, a schoolgirl explains how she spent the sunny season. 76 pages of youthful vitality — 16 in brilliant color.

#707

by regular mail \$2.50; first class \$3

Enclosed is check, cash or M.O. for \$

I am over 21 years of age. PP 137

For Cat. No. 7:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MAIL CHECK, CASH OR MONEY ORDER TO:

ELYSIUM INC., Publishers

5436 FERNWOOD AVENUE

LOS ANGELES, CAL. 90027